

Interviews of a Japanese Schoolboy

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

N. Y. City, N. Y.

To Editor who must realize how deliciously surprised a Genius must be when he are not borned in O-Hio

Hon. Mr.:

"Will fly-machines make great changes in Nature?"

This from me to Hon. Glenn Hawk Curtiss who stood on bridge of his new airplane, the "Red Headed Flyer" & looked in direction of Albany, N. Y., wondering how he could fly over that wicked city and remain politically pure.

He make no answer to my reply.

"Will fly-machines make great changes in Nature?" I collide closely to his car so he should hear me said it. "There are one variety of Nature it will never make no change in," he snap back airily.

"What should that be?" I require with great dirgeability.

"Human Nature."

"Human Nature," he report. Hon. Curtiss have got a cool & modest manner. Maybe Wright Bros will sue him for this also. "It are impossible to rise up above the level of Human Nature," he contributed on "whether you got a Gnome or a Antoinette motor, whether you travel on a bi-plane or a monoplane or one of them floating sausages of Zeppelin manufacture. When two sky-chauffeurs meets in heaven, they are like two Poets or College Profs or anybody else what come together on a higher level—they got artistic temperament & jalus disposition. Maybe fly-ships will ash in a New Era—I am disabled to tell. But this I am aware: when I won that Loving Cup at Reams, France, the Grand Stand acted very similar to Polo Grounds, N. Y., when Hon. Hans Wagner of Pittsburgh has just obtained 4 bases off of Hon. Christy Mat. You could scarcely realize I was champion aviator of the World. If Hon. Crowd felt enthusiastic it was very quiet about it. Even a grone was heard from occasional loyal Frenchmen."

"Was not them Frenchmen happy to see how Science had advanced, even if they was defeated?"

"Science will never advance so far that folks will enjoy seeing the Home Team lose," commuted this fly person.

Hon. Curtiss take slight sip of buttermilk from that International Loving Cup.

"But them French fiers did not hold no gruj or mean curses for Hon. Wilbur Wright," I suggest. "When he was there he was Hero of every thing."

"Wilbur," say Glenn, "went over to France to teach them how do it to fly. This was pleasant job. I went over to beat them at this fly-game. That were disagreeable job."

"Them Wright machines should not risk their popularity by winning races from Frenchmans," I commit brightly. "They was never in such danger at Reams," dib Glenn gloomily.

I make note of this phenomenal. "What bromo remark did you hear while flying that made you most tired & sorryful?" I enquire.

Those Foolish Remarks.

"Whenever I start around for slight air-tour," say he, "I can see thousands of foolly persons looking up with mouths saying 'How wonderful! Whether in Mineola or Paris they all stands the same way, like Bull-toads watching a Stork & honking 'How wonderful! Why should they? Are it wonderful that a flying machine should fly? Answer is, No! If a wheelbarrow or a houseboat or a pair of roller skates flew three times around Bethany plain beating all French, Irish and O-Hio records; then I should gladly join everybody else in exclaiming 'How wonderful! A fly-machine are made to fly, and it are only wonderful when it refuse to do so. Proper place for a airplane is the air. There are something sort of hexic & abnormal about a 60-horse-power monoplane boeing & cursing along the road like a mad ottomobile. Yet persons oftenly sees this sight at air-races & never says 'How wonderful!'"

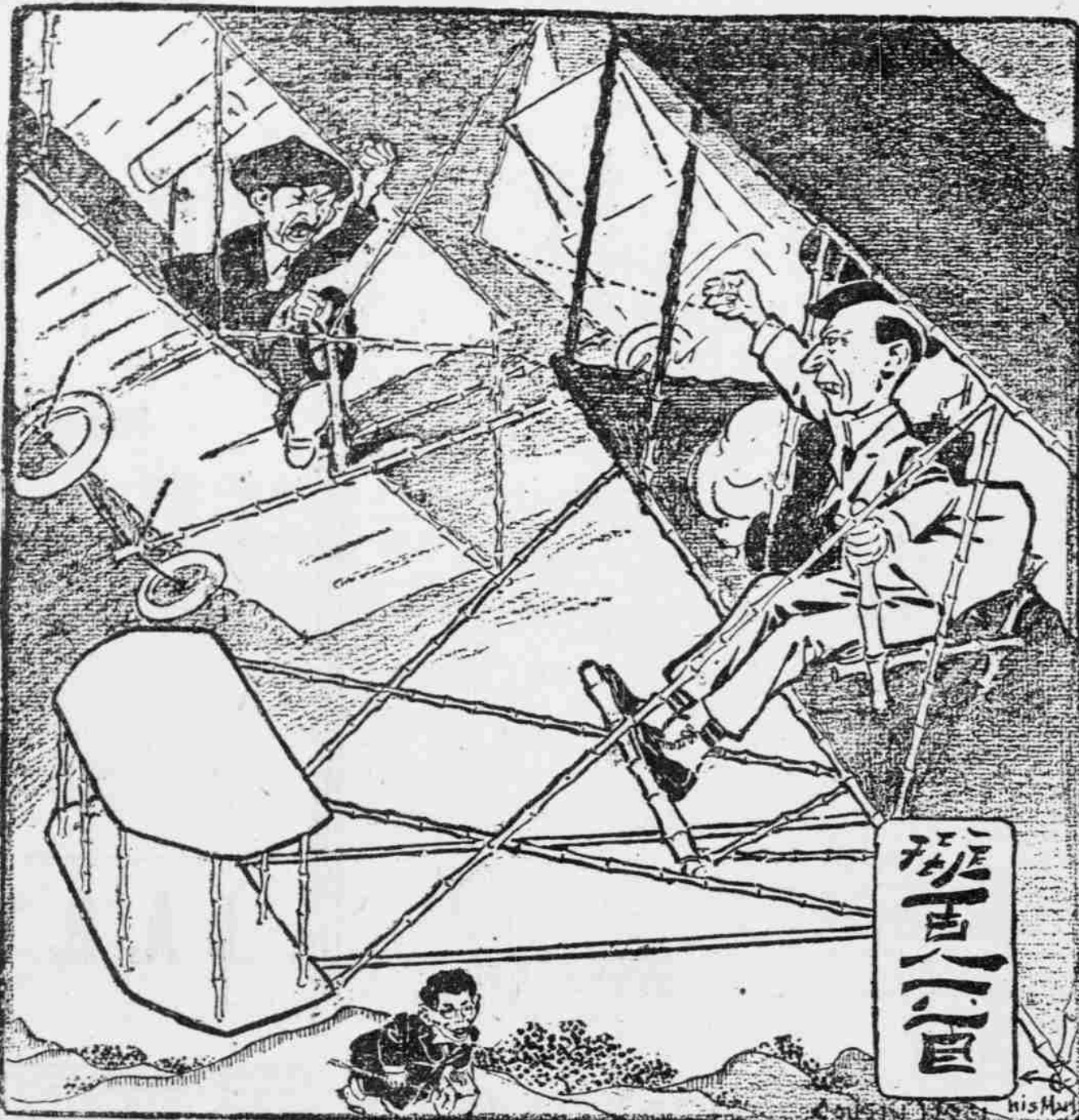
"What should audiences say when they sees airplanes soaring upshilly like birds?" I ask off.

"They should say 'How natural! or something," revoke this Curtiss man.

"At what age of youth did you firstly decide to be a Genius?" is next reply I ask.

Glenn's Early Experiences.

"Once a flyer always a flyer," he re-



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nounce with slight smile of happy memory flittering across his nose. "It were at the unripe age of 9-1-2 that me and my dear schoolchumb, Percy McCoy, formed the first Aerial Experiment Assn of Hammondsport, N. Y. We was too poor to build a airplane, but we decided to experiment however much possible. So we borrowed Rev. Alex Shattmore's silk-pipe hat & practised sailing it in a whirlwind. This was First Lesson in air currents. Side planes of this Hon. Hat was slightly damaged after 12th ascension; so Rev. Skatmore enjoyed angry rage & told my Hon. Father who gathered me to his knee & scalloped me with a hairbrush. This were First Lesson in rear propellers. Thustly encouraged, we craved for some experiments in axual Human Flight. So Percy borrowed a Baby from his sister which he tied to a Umbrella & dropped off a barn. Like most of our early attempts this was a failure. Next time we used a smaller Baby & a bigger Umbrella. Pretty soonly we was forced to quit this also."

"Why should you?" I require. "Was no more babies left to experiment with?"

Babies was never scarce in Hammondsport," reply Glenn. "But Umbrellas was expensive. By the time I had arrived to 14 years age I had built 14 heavier-than-air flying machines which was 1-2 successful. I did not prove they could fly, but I proved they was all heavier-than-air. My experiments was not limited to sky-boats, neither."

"Not so?"

"Not so!"

His Inventions.

"Not so! Before I was age one dozen I had following furious Inventions to my discredit:

1—Nurseless Baby-Carriage. So intelligent it would continue going ahead long as Infant was quiet, but would return home when he began to cry. At first demonstrations of this val Machine it got mad & exploded searing Hon. Jed Prouty's grey mare to death by spasms. Total loss \$7.50.

2—Talking Ballot Box. This were arranged with a fonygraf so it would holla 'Back again!' when the same man voted twice. When he voted three times it would yell 'Three and out!' This was tried in a N. Y. municipal

election, but was kicked out because too noisy.

3—The Cupidometer. Useful invention for love-smacked Youths to find out if Lady are thinking Yes or No. This Machine were built like a belt. Wind it twice around waist of girlie friend, turn on dynamo & look at her eyes, holding clasp to both her hands. If her eyes flash red it means 'Yes'; if green it signify 'No'. But this invention were useless. Because if a young Gent can get so close as that he do not need to find out by Machinery."

"Are not flightly flying beautiful like the Poetry business?" I nextly require.

"I thought so," dib Glenn, "till once at Brescia I took up a Italian poet name of Dan Onionjo. I got one advice to you. If you ever buy a airplane don't take up no Italian Poets, however light."

"Are they restless?" I suggest.

"Restless!" say he. "That Dan Onionjo spilled poetry all over the machinery and almost wrecked us when we was 360 feet above Mt Vesuvius. He told me I was soo-blime like Julius Caesar. He called me a super-man. If my hands had not been full of machinery I should of struck him for that. Just when I thought he were going to settle down to ride quiet, he would jump up & go into a transport. He yelled 'O the life of birds!' and wanted me to tell him a good rhyme for 'airplane'. Finally I spilled him into a tree. Flying is hard enough without mixing poetry with your gasoline."

Airships and North Pole.

"I read by news-print," are next examination from me, "how one famous Avigator say that Hon. North Pole will be discovered by Airplane."

"What famous Avigator say that?" require Glenn suspiciously.

"Hon. Owlville Wright," I suggest.

"Did Owlville say that?" he dib. "Trouble with them Wright Bros is they talks too much."

"But could not persons arrive to Pole by airships if they wants to?" I quizz.

"They might, but could they?" relapse Glenn. "When airplanes is built strong & willing to carry 14 extra passengers, then respectable trippers might like to discover this Pole."

"Why should 14 extra passengers be

necessary for such picknics?" I require. "Extra passengers," say Hon. Curt, "must go long for following uses:

One Explorer to fly to Pole & dish-cover it.

Two Scientists to prove it is the Pole when he gets there.

Four Reporters to prove them Scientists isn't deceiving themselves.

Eight Detectives to prove them Reporters isn't deceiving the Publick."

"But who could get there in time to watch them Detectives?" I ask with worry voice.

"Why you make such hard questions?" corrode he with blanché cheeks. "You make me so nervous I could fly."

While he mentioned this speech that "Red Headed Flyer" on which he was setting, rose up & begin wagging its tail as if timid about flying in high winds caused by New York municipal election.

The French People.

"One more reply, please," I assemble. "What you think of the French as a national people?"

"The French," he suggest, "shows great curtissey & other fine properties. Their imaginations are full of gasoline. They are already beginning to imagine that Bleriot discovered aerial navigation. And whenever a Wright or Curtiss machine breaks a record in France all Paris papers comes out with a editorial about 'The Wonderful Inventive Genius of the French people.'"

"It are not strange that Hon. Caesar called France 'Ancient Gall,'" I nudge.

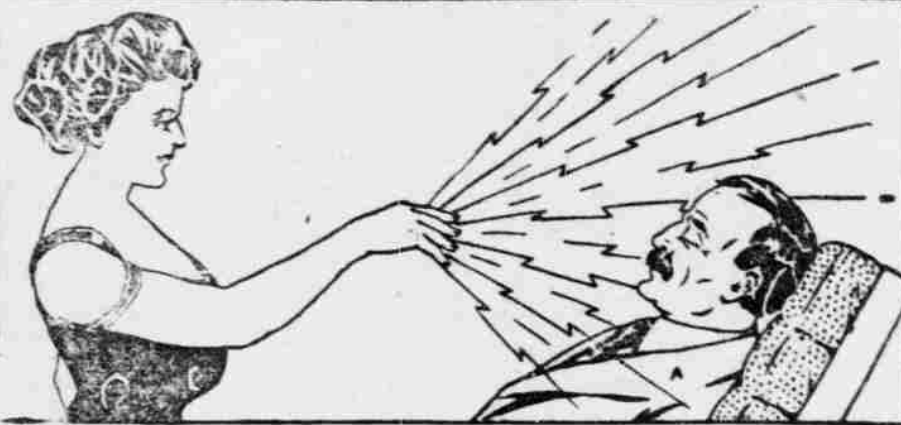
"Yet I are not peeved by this," say that great cloud-jumper. "It are easy to feel well-natured & sweet when being treated to Hero-salutes wherever you arrive. Success makes friends. It are thustly with all walks of life including flying: The World throws banzais to Man what show he can keep up longest."

"Yet in early struggly of Genius was you not laughed at for your flying habits?"

"I was laughed at for 15 years," corrode Glenn proudly. "Wright Bros. was only laughed at for 10. Thustly I have broke another of their records."

"Do the World always laugh at Genius?" I holla as Hon. Machine was about to soot upwardly.

"The World never takes a Genius seriously," say him, "until he show the



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